

# THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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Vol. XXXIV.

OCTOBER, 1878.

No. 3.

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## WILLIAM EARL CHATHAM.

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PRIZE ESSAY BY THOMAS W. WILSON, '79, OF N. C.

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Beneath Westminster Abbey's arched roof, with commanding mien, haughty features, and gesture of authority, stands the statue of Chatham. Visitors to the venerable old church may see in the hard lines of the cold marble the lifeless yet life-like reproduction of the striking form of the great statesman; but to all who have learned, in the pages of history, to comprehend the character and work of Chatham, this piece of stone must seem to fall very far short of bringing before their imaginations the real person of the great Commoner. A skillful sculptor might trace the lines of cunning policy and of secret scheming, the habitual air of authority upon the face of a Metternich, and we would recognize the man himself in his effigy; he might chisel the marks of cruel purpose, of uncurbed and defiant ambition, of pitiless despotism upon the spare visage of a Richelieu, and we could wish for no better reminder of the man; he might preserve the deep-cut wrinkles that spoke of thought, the firmly-set mouth that indicated an inflexible determination, upon the open countenance of a Hampden; but the marble must have the warmth

of life infused into it by the hand of God before it could resemble the dwelling of Chatham's high-wrought, passionate, many-sided nature.

It is indeed the diversity of his genius which first strikes us as we look back to the elder Pitt. In him consummate powers kept company with small weaknesses, strong wisdom stood side by side with weak folly, truthfulness and earnestness were contrasted with affectation and pedantry. To the careless student of history Pitt's character, made up as it was of qualities the very opposites of each other, might at first seem to have been inconsistent with itself. But it was a character of great power, because in reality of singular unity. His many talents, his capacity for good, his capacity for evil, his wisdom, his folly, his strength, his weakness, apparently at war among themselves, were reconciled and brought into harmony by the concentrating power of strong convictions. Prior to a thoughtful investigation of the history of his times, however, there would seem to be some cause for surprise that such a man as Pitt should have risen to the head of the state when he did; for few men's tempers ever clashed more roughly with their surroundings, ever sympathized less with the tastes and tendencies of the day, than did the temper of the great Commoner. Indeed he harmonized with his age in nothing but in affectation, and even his affectation had an earnestness and a frankness about it which did not belong to the all-pervading affectation of the society around him. He was in everything enthusiastically earnest, and his age laughed at earnestness; he was vehement, and his age affected coldness and indifference; he was sternly virtuous, scorning corruption, and his age was skeptical of virtue, nursing corruption; he had eager, burning beliefs and was actuated by a warm love for principle, and his age delighted in doubtings and questionings, was guided by no principle save that of expediency; he was used constantly and confidently to appeal to the higher, brighter, purer instincts of human nature, and his age doubted the existence of any such instincts, nay, even argued from its

own experience that all human nature was low and pulseless. He stood, in fact, almost alone—above the masses who, from sheer admiration, supported him, and in their enthusiasm idolized him; separated by all his tastes and sympathies from those classes of society with which he was naturally thrown by virtue of his high public station.

That a man thus isolated from his fellows should wield undisputed power over them seems at first beyond explanation. But as we study his character more closely the mystery which hangs around his ability to exercise unquestioned authority over those who were entirely out of sympathy with him clears rapidly away. The elements of his power are not far to seek. They lay almost altogether within himself. Outwardly he was every inch a leader. Every attitude, every gesture, each play of feature, each tone of voice bore witness of a will that must be master. And men were speedily convinced of the depth and strength of the nature thus outwardly shadowed forth. They bowed to a will which itself bent to no obstacle; they feared, even while they sneered at, the personal purity which gave such a keen edge to his attacks upon corrupt opponents. Their hearts instinctively warmed toward a man whose patriotism was so real. Selfish policies fell beneath the onsets of a man whose great intellect gave such resistless force to the convictions he so boldly avowed.

Pitt's nature was so passionate as to be almost tragic, rendering his career an essentially dramatic one. Passion indeed was the ground-work of his character; and because, led on by ardor, he trod steadily onward toward the ends he had marked out for himself, the name of Chatham has become to Englishmen a synonym of the highest statesmanship. And certainly, if we conceive of statesmanship as being that resolute and vigorous advance towards the realization of high, definite, and consistent aims which issues from the unreserved devotion of a strong intellect to the service of the state and to the solution of all the multiform problems of public policy, Pitt's statesmanship was

of the highest order. His devotion to his country's service was as intense as it was entire; and the intellect whose every power he brought to bear upon the direction of her affairs compassed its duty with a vigor commensurate with its colossal proportions. To enquire why Pitt so completely identified himself with the fortunes of England would be an invidious task. The motives which prompt to great deeds are often as hidden as the deeds themselves are conspicuous. Pitt's self-love was boundless, and small men can, therefore, see nothing in his high aims but an inordinate desire to gratify ambition, to exalt self. But to those who believe that there is some nobility in human nature, and especially to those who can see how small a part of his real character Pitt's egotism constituted, his ardent, absorbing patriotism is sufficient cause for the belief that there was much of true disinterestedness in his great career.

Each quality of Pitt's mind bespoke the ardor of his nature. Even his affectation and his pedantry, like his love and determination and pride, had caught the hue of passion. It was impossible for such a man to espouse any cause with coldness. With him every act must be an act of warm enthusiasm. His mind was strong and clear, his will was unswerving, his convictions were uncompromising, his imagination was powerful enough to invest all plans of national policy with a poetic charm, his confidence in himself was implicit, his love for his country was real and intense. Of course, then, he entered into the realities of public life with all the vigor of a large and earnest soul, with all the keen interest imparted by a vivid imagination, and it is not strange that his policy was well-defined and determined, straightforward and brilliant. The startling, far-reaching results of his administration, moulding the future history of the world, were such as appealed to the admiration and won the approbation of a people the very marrow of whose nature is a spirit of adventure, enterprise, conquest. What could be more impressive than a policy which, in winning India for the English Crown, built a great empire in the far East; in driving the French from

America, made our great republic a possibility in the far West ; and, in lending constant and effective aid to Prussia's great Frederick, prepared the destiny of her greater Bismarck ? Such having been the work of the elder Pitt, Englishmen may justly regard him as high among the greatest statesmen of a great race. And yet his errors were many and grave. They were, however, such as are incident upon a policy whose authors seek, with whole-souled ardor, with keen enthusiasm, to carry out great principles in all their integrity. Such a policy is always admirable in the abstract, but, in practice, is seldom safe. In a free government, founded upon public opinion, the governmental machinery is so nicely balanced, opposite parties, opposing forces of thought, generally exercise powers so nearly equal, that great principles must be worked out cautiously, step by step, seldom attaining triumphant ascendancy by a course of uninterrupted success—by only a few bold and rapid strokes. Public opinion must not be outstripped, but kept pace with. Time, indeed, has traced out to their end all the greater lines of policy which, in their beginnings, bore indications of the strokes of Pitt's decided hand. But he had lain in his grave many years, before some of the most prominent measures which he had advocated were carried out in their fullness ; and during his lifetime, while he was still a power in the state, even his towering influence fell powerless when he sought to force his country to follow the paths of foreign policy which he had cleared for her, and which he had shown to be the only roads to honor and safety. The enormous strain which war had brought upon the Treasury was thought to be cause for serious alarm, and the reaction thus brought about, seconded by the sinister influence of an unscrupulous king, thrust a ruinous peace upon the country. Pitt left the Cabinet to be re-stricken by the disease which finally sapped the strength of his imperial intellect. His life drew rapidly toward its close ; but he had done enough to set a seal to his fame—enough to mark *that* as the highest type of statesmanship which, with conscientious purity, by an undeviating course, with cool judgment

and prompt determination, with a bright hope and a passionate patriotism, overpowering opposition, subordinating party to national interests, constantly and confidently seeks to build a great policy upon broad, deep, homogeneous principles. Such, with all its small follies and minor inconsistencies, despite disfiguring arrogance and overbearing pride, was the statesmanship of William Pitt.

If, because his statesmanship was whole-souled and dazzlingly successful, we do not wonder that William Pitt has been considered worthy of a place among the very first of English statesmen, still less can we be surprised that he has been called the first of Parliamentary orators. If the passionate intensity which entered so largely into the texture of his character lent so much of force, so much brilliant boldness, to his plans of administration, what masterly power must it have imparted to his oratory! Passion is the pith of eloquence. But it alone cannot make the consummate orator; for while it gives strength, it may be rugged and cumbersome. Imagination must be present to give it wings and a graceful flight. And one of the most striking features of Pitt's mind was "a poetic imaginativeness" which set his words fairly aglow with beauty. While vivid passion blazed out in his orations, the reality of the convictions he so fearlessly uttered hid the exaggeration of his diction, transfiguring all that was bombastic and ungraceful, and clothing with real grace his theatrical airs. Unfortunately our only trustworthy information concerning his oratorical powers comes from meagre tradition. Those who had seen his noble figure in striking action, his eagle eye alight with the thoughts that stirred within him, have left us only some scanty outlines of his more brilliant thoughts and most memorable flights of rhetoric. The main bodies of all his great speeches, those thoughts which constituted the warp and woof of his masterly statements of political truths and his moving appeals in behalf of a broad, patriotic, and consistent state policy, are irretrievably lost to us. But, aside from the unanimous testimony of his contemporaries, the fragmentary

utterances which we know to have fallen from his own lips bear ample witness to his unrivalled powers, being laden, even for us, with much of their old potency. Even upon the printed page, the echo of his impassioned accents seems yet to linger about his words. Although in his youthful studies of Demosthenes he had failed to catch the great Athenian's purity of style, he recognized, as the movings of a kindred spirit, his burning vehemence. Athens had at times responded as one man to the rapid, vehement, cogent sentences of Demosthenes; the British Parliament, the English nation, harkened with glad eagerness to the organ tones of Pitt's eloquence, and dared not disobey.

William Pitt was the second of that long line of great commoners of which gifted, wise, unscrupulous Robert Walpole was the first, and which has moulded English policy down to the day of shrewd, fickle, brilliant, plausible Benjamin Disraeli. In one respect Pitt resembled the now exalted Jew: he had an unhesitating, almost boundless confidence in himself, in the wisdom of his own aims. But Beaconsfield loves and has confidence in himself alone; Pitt loved and trusted the English people as well—for he was himself an Englishman!

With Pitt's acceptance of an earldom not only his official power but also much of his innate greatness passed away. Disease had unmanned him, and he refused to aid his country at a time of sorest need, thus, in a moment of folly, well nigh undoing the great work of a memorable lifetime. William Pitt was a noble statesman; the Earl of Chatham was a noble ruin. But in his death we catch a faint glimmer of his old manhood. Under the deepening shadow of a gathering storm we obtain a last glimpse of Chatham, as he stands, himself a wreck, holding up before a blind Ministry a picture of the dark ruin which was awaiting them. With some of his old haughtiness the austere old man rises to answer one who had dared to reply to him, and falls, never to rise again.

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**HEBREW POETRY.**

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MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION, BY WILLIAM T. ELSING, '79, ILL.\*

The poet is the artist who brings music out of nature. The mountains, the oceans, the flowers, and the fountains, are full of melody too deep for self-expression. The sensitive and imaginative soul communing with nature becomes her interpreter.

It has been the mission of poets, in all ages, to unfold the beauties of nature; to teach that a mountain is not a mere mass of earth and rock; that a more subtle beauty is mirrored in the waters of a lake than that which appears in the surrounding landscape. But the Hebrew poet was the first to sing most charmingly of nature, and to interpret the profoundest feelings of the human soul.

The vast superiority of sacred poetry is due to its latent element of true religion. The Hebrew recognized God as a spirit, as the invisible being, separate and distinct from His works. The whole universe, with its wealth and magnificence, is a simple creation of the Deity, and exists only to glorify Him. Every created thing is personified, and is made to declare the majesty of the uncreated. The mountains and hills are vocal with His praise; the trees of the field clap their hands; the sun and moon hide themselves from the terrible flashing of His armor. Nature is a veil, behind which the divine workman dwells. He displays His skill in the crystals of the snow-flake; in the delicate texture of the flowers; in the grandeur of the mountains. He gives the lightnings His command; He rides upon the wings of the wind; He spreads out the heavens like a tent; He pastures His stars, like a shepherd, in the azure meadows of the sky.

Nature is the old nurse of the poets, and her teaching moulded the human mind. The glory of Eastern day, the splendor of Oriental night, the blue Mediterranean, cedar-crowned Lebanon,

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\* Requested for publication.



and vine-clad Carmel, furnished the beautiful imagery of sacred poetry.

The grandeur of scenery, the mysterious workings of the universe, which drove other nations into a wild polytheism, filled the soul of the Hebrew with the sublimest poetry.

Men with minds untutored by divine wisdom have come in contact with nature, and from their imaginations have sprung divinities, with which they have peopled heaven and earth.

The Hebrew poet, with the grand idea of one God constantly before him, found everywhere proofs of infinite wisdom, truth and love. The Greek poet hid a Naiad in every fountain, a deity in every unknown force of nature. The throne of the sun and the deep caverns of the sea became the dwelling places of the gods.

The Hebrew poet traced all the scattered rills of intelligence, beauty and power to the fountain of one divine mind. The Greek, living among hostile and jealous deities, is compelled to raise his song as a thank-offering before many altars. The Hebrew, catching the musical echoes of that morning when the stars first sang together as creatures fresh from the hand of infinite intelligence, fell in adoration before one God, and laid the offering at His feet.

Not nature alone, but history, inspired the sacred muse. Hebrew annals are crowded with sublime and thrilling events, with instructive and fearful warnings, which excite the imagination of the poet.

The brief and vivid account of creation; the deluge—that ocean without a shore; the peace and serenity of patriarchal life; the glorious march through the sea; the dreary wanderings in the wilderness; Sinai robed with lightning; the crumbling walls of Jericho; the grandeur of the temple; furnished inspiring themes for the poet. Behind him lay Paradise, a picture of innocence and beauty; before him, the golden age of humanity.

While the Hebrew poet is a striking painter of nature, and

rises to his loftiest heights when he chants the praises of the Creator, his harmonies are not without the "still, sad music of humanity." The minor strains are heard when he sings with yearning tenderness and deep-hearted pathos of human frailty. Man is a fading leaf; a shadow on the wall; a wind that passeth away. Above him, the heavens grow old and are changed like a garment; below and around him all is mutable and earth-born dust. But man is not driven a naked and shrinking soul into a dark and unknown future. From the sight of human sin and weakness, the poet lifts his eyes to the hills from whence cometh help. He chants a litany of the soul's life toward God.

Hebrew poetry breathes a spirit of hope not found in the Classics. It was the firm belief of the Jews that the Messiah would come to their nation, and the splendor of His reign was dwelt upon with increasing fullness from age to age. When the daughter of Zion had been robbed of her beauty; when her people sat mournfully upon the banks of the Euphrates, their silent harps hanging upon the willows, then, amid wailing and lamenting, they remembered the glorious destiny of their nation, and exclaimed: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

Great nations have foundered in the ocean of time because despair hid the star of hope; but, in the darkest nights of their nation's history, the Hebrew poets foresaw the streaming morning of coming day.

Raised to the mountain-top of sacred song, a flood of inspiration breaks over the poet; visions of sublime grandeur rise before him; he sees the Son of Righteousness arrayed in the brightness of His glory, and cries: "Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountain. Awake! Awake! Put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem."

In the desert of those early times, before Virgil celebrated the wanderings of Æneas, before Homer sung the valor of his coun-

try, the Hebrew bard smote the rock, and forth gushed the waters of eternal song.

Dante tasted of its inspiration, and, piercing the dark barriers of death, chanted the *miserere* of the damned and the bliss of the sainted. Spenser allayed his spirit at the life-giving fountain, and, adopting the very words of the Psalmist, "poured forth his warmest love-notes in the Epithalamium, and bade the gates open for the entrance of his bride." Milton, constantly refreshed by its waters in the starless night of blindness, framed his mighty Epic. Bunyan drank of it throughout his immortal pilgrimage. Pope, touched with its inspiration, became the master who set the diamond-thought of Isaiah in rubies of Anglo-Saxon words.

To-day the songs of the Hebrews are as sweet as when they woke their echoes in the palaces of Jerusalem. They rise in swelling anthems and in whispered prayers. They are the songs of eternity, old as the race and young as the beauty that breathes in every spring.

The raptured muse, her feet on the Rock of Ages, her lips touched with fire from God's altar, lifts up her voice in the cathedral of the universe, while men and angels are spell-bound by the harmonies of her immortal melody.

**MARGARITA.**

From the sunny lands of Summer,  
Where the silver surf is dashing  
On its golden sands, and lashing  
Into foam its flashing waters ;  
Where the slender palms are waving,  
Where, from dusky grottoes, laving  
Tangled banks with floods of crystal,  
Flow the fountains to the sea,—  
From the far-off lands of Summer  
Has a pearl been bought for me :  
As the sunlight falls upon it,  
How immaculate its whiteness !  
Oh, how limpid is its brightness !  
'Tis a fairy tear of ocean,  
'Tis the daughter of the sunshine,  
As, through leagues of liquid silence,  
As, through depths of swaying motion,  
She has wandered through the sea ;  
Oh ! a precious pearl of ocean  
Is this which has come to me.

From the Blessed Isles of beauty,  
From the land of youth and graces,  
From my hopes' fair summer islands  
Has a pearl been bought for me ;  
It is purer, sweeter, fairer,  
It is whiter, brighter, rarer  
Than the costliest pearl of ocean  
In the light of love's emotion,  
And my heart in contemplation  
Would rejoice eternally.  
Margarita, Margarita,  
Thou'rt the pearl of which I sing ;  
From the Blessed Isles of beauty,  
From my hopes' fair summer islands,  
Have I sought thee, found thee, bought thee  
With my poor heart's offering ;  
Pearl of pearls, nought can enhance thee ;  
Pearl of pearls, thou dost entrance me ;  
Pearl in name, on that name ringing  
All the changes of my chiming,  
Of thee ever am I singing,  
Pearl of pearls, the world outshining,  
Margarita ! Margarita !

LESLIE.

### HAMPSHIRE HILLS.

It has been my fortune during the past summer to pass through the Berkshire and Hampshire hills. A visit to them would have been far from complete had I not managed to make my way to where the late poet, William Cullen Bryant, had spent a greater portion of his life. I have walked where he walked; looked out from the tops of hills and mountains upon those pleasant scenes which inspired so much of his poetry. I have followed him, step by step, into the tall forests near; have breathed that wholesome air, which sends a thrill of life through every nerve and vein; have sat and watched the beauties of nature with more than the docility of a pupil, with a true and genuine feeling of wonder, admiration and reverence. Nor is this all, for I have heard those speak who knew him well; I have listened to the complaint, the sorrow of those who saw him daily on his walks, who silently held companionship with his presence.

Here is the land in which Bryant was born. A two-story French-roofed house, to which is attached the usual series of outhouses, is the homestead of to-day; but all that remains of the old place of Peter Bryant, his father, is a picturesque little wing, once the "office" of Dr. Bryant, now the library of the poet. Two graceful dormer windows, deeply shaded eaves and a rich display of creepers, clematis and grapevine hanging about the pillars which support the roof of the long piazza, are features which lend an enchantment to the place. The house is far up on the hill, and nearly two thousand feet above the sea. It is imbedded in a cluster of beautiful trees, with an avenue of maples leading to it, while behind is a rich background of evergreens. Immediately in front stands a tall, straight-trunked elm, whose branches bend gracefully over the lawn. From the balcony toward the east we looked out upon the Cummington valley below, where winds the Westfield river, still in its

infancy, yet turning a goodly number of old-fashioned, picturesque mills. By the stream lives an antiquated but industrious population. They have separated themselves into two villages, East and West Cummington, while midway between the two is a bridge, and beside the bridge are three houses and an infirm old barn. This is Lightningbug—the town of Lightningbug! Its advantages are manifold. It is near the bridge and consequently the river; is built on a rock; is equally distant from either Cummington and quite a way from the cemetery. They still play croquet here with “bar’l hoops,” and a great deal of gusto; the more wide-awake ones discuss the Centennial and read from old bunches of magazines and weekly newspapers. But people stagnate here, as everywhere else where there are no facilities for communication with a larger and more active world than theirs. They are true old New Englanders, with not all the Puritanism of their forefathers, yet honest, well-to-do, contented people.

Those were far different days when the poet was born. Then the Boston and Albany stage line, with its four horses and handsome coaches, passed within but a mile or two of the place. That was some forty years ago; since then the place has stood perfectly still. Mr. Bryant had lived here as a young man; he had fought his battles, and as an old man he returned again to his home. It was thus he found it on his return. If he had communed with nature before, and had loved the haunts where business life never intruded, with these changes, becoming even more distant from traffic and enterprise, he loved it still more. Thus he came to renew his friendship with nature; he bought the old homestead, and yearly returned to the place to find the wisest happiness, the truest and best of all enjoyments. He occupied himself about his farms; he interested himself in the fortunes of all his townsmen, and presented them, in token of his love for the place, with a little library filled with the best of books.

And yet the hills were more properly his home; over them

he had wandered in his younger days, here he had spent the happiest moments of his life; and could he help loving nature with so great a love when she unfolded herself to him in her most pleasing forms; could he do aught but sing her praises who was the inspiration of his soul? By the side of the Johonot brook he would frame his mind to love the "still haunts of nature;" in close communion with the mighty forest trees, "earth and her waters and the depths of air," he learned to meditate. By the "rivulet" that oozes from the thicket, he would wander, composing his song—

"Daily I sought thy banks, and tried  
My first rude numbers by thy side."

Again in his old age he seeks it. Time has changed him, and yet the sentiments spoken then are still his sentiments. The utterings of a philosophy so pure and beneficent as that shadowed forth in his "*Thanatopsis*," is the same with that in his "*Hymn to Death*," or in "*The Flood of Tears*." It is the same man, but now he comes to weep over the grave of a dear father, to pay the tenderest tribute to his memory. There were gathered with him others, however, in his late years. Two more had learned to love the glories of their home, and yearly the white-haired bard, in company with his white-haired brothers, come from new and distant homes to this one spot. Here they tramp the fields together and cull the flowers as in their youth—here they speak of loved ones who had gone—here recall the varied incidents of life.

Yet now the place has changed. A light has gone out; the good people of the village deplore their loss; recall his genial face, his kindness to them all. The little place indeed seems dead. They ply their trades, and laughter goes on as ever, but the lonely house on the hill that frowns down upon the valley, the favorite haunts of the poet now deserted, are all reminders of the pure and noble man. His life had been but the reflection of his works. They were the pattern, and strict conformity to it

was the first article of his creed. Perhaps the pure mountain air had its effect upon him, perhaps his nature was at the basis of this, but it is no less certain that his life had been one actuated by the highest principles of morality. To be sure he is a Stoic, but not the Stoic who vainly guessed at things and presumed others; Stoic only in his abstemiousness, his hatred of show, of affectation and of the despotisms which men buy with their gold. Simplicity was his rule of action, moderation his creed. Above all he valued his health. He was, therefore, a lover of all gentle exercise, and lived up to it to his very last days. He would vault a fence at eighty, and at eighty-three would refuse to ride even in his own carriage. To a young man asking if he might accompany him on a long tramp he was about to make, he said "Yes, I should be glad to have you go, if you think you can stand it." Such examples can be multiplied. To the very last he retained his faculties intact, and had written a poem only a few months before his death, a production which rivaled his best.

At the bottom is his nature, refined and noble, shaping and influencing his convictions; these develop into a deep but pure philosophy, which lends its lustre to his works. Directly influencing his nature, too, was a love of God's nature about him, which at his hands could suffer only the most tender, delicate and sensible interpretation.

"Written on thy works I read  
The lesson of thy own eternity."  
"But let me often to these solitudes  
Retire, and in thy presence re-assure  
My feeble virtue."

I find such sentiments as these scattered through his poems. "The groves were God's first temples," and amid the mighty trees he held communion with his maker. Is it pantheism? Let it be such, and pantheism gains its greatest victory! No, nature with the poet was the revelation of Divinity. He wondered at the awful majesty of the hurricane, the grandeur of the



ocean, the sublimity of the heavens and its constellations, and from them he drew the lessons of his duty and the inspiration of his song. A more beautiful teaching could not have been found than that suggested by the flight of "The Water-fowl:"—

"There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along the pathless coast—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering but not lost.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright."

Such is a confession of faith made in his earlier day, but as truly the belief of his older. It is but the manifestation of a creed as pure and guileless as his life. It is even the reflection of that life itself. That any, therefore, should mistake his philosophy for his religion is not surprising, but to assault the latter, and the integrity of his life, it becomes not the greatest one to do.

Such thoughts as these present themselves on visiting the home of the poet. The simplicity, the beauty of his life, his guileless character, his noble mind, his virtues and morality, are each suggested in their turn. Everywhere we have the picture of a great and good man. Such an eventful life could not be without its lessons. How many indeed have grown up, flourished and fallen during his life. Twenty Presidents have passed away; the Republic has come into the beginning of that brilliant future which was predicted for it many years ago. He lived when the greatest advances the world had ever witnessed were made, and now he is laid to rest, bequeathing an unexampled career to his countrymen, and to mankind. Else, why is it that already pilgrims flock to his homestead, and pluck so tenderly the flowers that grow about the place? Why does each pause as he looks out upon the broad panorama before him, or, gazing wonderingly at the homestead, beg that he may see the

poet's study—hear of his life and actions? The hills indeed are beautiful in themselves, but still more beautiful as the poet's home—more beautiful for the thoughts they inspire.

“There as thou stand'st,  
The haunts of men below thee, and around  
The mountains' summits, thy expanding heart  
Shall feel a kindred spirit with that loftier world  
To which thou art translated.”

’Tis not alone for the poet to live here content, removed from the cares and strifes of the world, but there is a healing balm for every heart, and amid the lessons nature teaches comes one of a pure and devout life, filled with all loveliness, crowned with all honor.

“Thou’rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart,  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.”

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### MARIAMNE.

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It is a queer old mill with its great stone walls, small windows, and peaked gables. Far up, near the sharp angle of one of these gables, is a square-cut stone bearing the date, 1760, and the words in rude letters, “BUILT BY DONALD McDOWELL.” On a hill near by is a house, apparently of the same antiquity, which possesses all the peculiarities that exist in the architecture of the ancient mill. Donald McDowell had built them both as firm, rugged, cold and forbidding in their appearance as the strict creed which was the rule of his life, but, like that same creed, beyond the threshold was solid worth and comfort. Half a century later, when the Donald of this sketch lived, the homestead and the mill bore their age just as their builder, his father, had

borne his. When his hair whitened and years fell thick upon him he showed no signs of decaying power, either in body or mind, but only seemed mellowed by time; and many things, which looked like harsh and disagreeable eccentricities in his younger days, now, in the light of the setting sun, with the trials and triumphs of the past hallowing them, shone forth as the wonderful virtues of a grand old man. So it was with the workmanship of his hands, especially the mill; the mosses that clung, here and there, to the foundations, and mottled the roof with a velvety green, the wild ivy that clambered up its sides and around its harsh angles, the grasses growing on the scant mould that covered rocks jutting from the irregular masonry—all these only brought forth what seemed rude art, in the light of surprising utility and strength, combined with a certain grotesque beauty.

Of the second Donald the neighbors said, "He is a gude maun, just like auld Donald," and no higher praise were they capable of giving him. On a small shelf in the mill stood four books, that had been his father's daily companions, and which he, too, made his; first at hand was a Bible, then the Confession of Faith, a sheep-bound copy of Ramsey, and, strange to say, a dog-eared, well-worn volume of Josephus. There was scarcely a page of these works that did not bear the marks of much use, not a sentence from the miller's lips that did not show some evidence of their strong, vigorous thought impressed upon it.

The house on the hill was filled with children, some almost men and women; and there was one other, the eldest daughter, whose name was only whispered when the father was away from home; for his heart was sealed against the wanderer, though the mother yearned after her as only a mother can. A traveler brought a letter, one day in spring, to the house by the mill: there was no chance for reconciliation now, no need for censure; for the withered life was blown away. Then, for weeks, the mother mourned, the father looked stern and cold; but one day he planted a rose bush by the mill-side and the children noticed

that the hard, cold look vanished from his face that afternoon. In the summer time, just as the first white buds were bursting into bloom on the plant, a little stranger, a child of their old age, came to the sad home; and Donald, looking down into Janet, the mother's eyes, whispered a name that, in the oft-read Josephus, was given to Herod's queen whom the Jews called the White Rose. And Janet smiled consent. (For the rose-bush by the mill had come to be a sort of symbol of Donald's reconciliation to that memory of the past in which so many hopes and promises were buried; it had seemed so much like planting flowers over an enemy's grave, this planting of the white rose close to the old stone steps on which so many of *her* childhood's hours were spent; and this little one had come as a pledge, from the place where that memory dwelt, that the reconciliation was complete.) So the minister one day, in solemn tones mingled the name, Mariamne, with a fervent prayer, and crystal drops from beneath the great mill-wheel were sprinkled on the baby's brow. Time took away from the wan and wearied face of Janet the painful look that only a wounded mother's heart can cause; but in its place was a certain air of expectation, as if a hope was soon to be fulfilled, a heart soon to be at rest. In the autumn of the following year that hope was realized, and the one whose name had been only whispered in the home, was not alone in the Silent Land. Just before the coffin-lid was screwed to its place, when the weeping friends were taking a final look at the happy face of the dead, little Mariamne dropped the last of the withering roses and lisped the mother's name; and the petals loosed themselves and fell in a snowy shower on the waxen hands. Then they bore her away.

Thereafter, Mariamne filled a large place in the father's heart, for she was linked with two who were no more. What a queer creature she grew to be! so pretty and proud, so sprightly and coy, so affectionate to her father, and yet so imperious toward every one else. Pretty, affectionate, self-willed, proud! No astrologer was needed to foretell a season of trouble somewhere

in Marianne's life. From her earliest years the mill and the rose bush, clambering up its side, were her delight. With her chubby hands she was wont to clutch the flowers, and, crawling up the rugged stairs to where her father stood by the hoppers, she would ask no greater pleasure than, nestling in his arms, to be allowed to throw the snowy leaves, one by one, into the descending grain; toddling down again to where the crushed wheat came forth, great tears of anger would fill her eyes because the cruel stones had spoiled her toys. Often the miller left the hoppers filled with grain to take the little elf in his arms and creep under the moss-covered shed, where the wheel kept up its ceaseless turnings. There they spent many hours, enjoying the cool retreat and the gentle melody of the falling waters. By-and-by some neighbors' children found their way to the place, and Marianne often joined them in their play. It was their custom to toss sticks and leaves into the troughs and then run down the old steps and watch them come out below; but little Marianne threw nought but roses in the stream, and would pout and fret when only bruised leaves floated forth on the other side. Seeing this the old miller would frequently lift up a silent prayer that his White Rose might not be so buffeted by the stream of time; for the sad history of Herod's queen came to him like some prophetic warning, and calling his child, with great tenderness he would fold her in his strong arms as if to ward off the coming dangers. Yes, old man, a day may come when the white rose will grow discontented with the shelter of the bleak mill wall, and, reaching its branches out into the sunlight toward some other, will grasp only the fleeting winds and the dashing storms. When that day comes, how desolate will the bare wall be, how pitiful the shattered flower! \* \* \* \*

A great quadrangle of tents in the centre of a dense forest; large knots of pine blazing on many earth-covered platforms; a multitude of people; praying mothers and careless daughters; shouting saints and wailing sinners; these were the component parts of an interesting scene. It was evidently the last night of

a series of religious meetings. Midnight had passed and many mourning souls were yet unsaved. There knelt old men with thin gray hair disordered on their temples, old women with weak voices quavering forth some pious ejaculation, young girls with eyes set in agony toward heaven. Fanaticism held full sway; the doleful cry of the whip-poor-will, the howl of wild animals in the neighboring mountains, and the splash of falling waters seemed fit accompaniments to the wild prayers and wilder songs that filled the forest with strange echoes. There was one kneeling among the odd company who seemed wonderfully different from them. It was *Mariamne* grown to womanhood. The other mourners wept and shouted in a wild, unreasonable frenzy, but her face was calmly upturned in mute supplication. Dark lashes gently touched her cheeks, and drooping lids veiled wondrous beauties. Now and then the crimson lips parted, and in a low, rich voice she murmured broken prayers like these: "Lord, bring me nearer thy cross. Take away my pride. Make me thine own meek child." Whenever some charred stick fell down among the ashes, the heaps of glowing pine sprang into new life and shot forth weird tongues of flames. At such times *Mariamne's* beauty appeared more charming than ever. Her apparel, after the manner of the age, was extremely plain; a small black bow was pinned at her throat and in its centre a white rose bud. These were her only ornaments. Yet, notwithstanding this seeming simplicity, there was a certain dash in her appearance, telling, more plainly than words, that her prevailing sin was pride. Perhaps she knew her marble beauty and stillness would attract attention in such a place; or, perhaps, the warm, affectionate nature, which, for these many years, had lavished itself on the old miller alone, and had known no other creed than his, was seeking out some additional object. Maybe the shadow of the cold, rugged mill had begun to chill the rose and it was blindly struggling toward some other shelter.

The torches revived again and again; still the throng gave no signs of weariness. For hours *Mariamne* had knelt in the

same posture, always silent, statuesque, beautiful. Once or twice the marble face seemed all radiant with life and warmth, as if conscious of the admiration it was exciting. Was it only the reflection of the lurid glow of some old, gnarled pine, its parting benediction to the world before fading out into the darkness of the night? If it was, how strange that two dark eyes, just within the shadow, should catch the same reflection by merely gazing on the lovely face! When the great audience had departed from the forest tabernacle, leaving only the few, who were Ishmaelites indeed, to prepare for their departure on the morrow, it was stranger still that Marianne, walking home in the light of the clear, white harvest moon, should upturn that radiant face, full of life and trust and hope, to eyes that reflected all they saw.

Spring was coming again, and all through a long, dreary night in March old Donald lay awake and heard its footsteps. But he was listening for others far less welcome; the winter months had been rife with the rumors of dark robberies, and the miller knew not how soon he might feel the villains' power. So sleep forsook his eyes. The rain fell throughout the night; the waters roared along the sluice and under the wheel; the wind played a sad dirge as it swept the bare stems of the rose bush; sudden blasts dashed the dry branches in a pitiless manner against the cold walls; then a low moan would break forth and die away again among them. At every moan the miller would start as if his heart had felt some great sorrow. Was that a footfall on the stairs; a door closing softly below; a splashing and dashing of horses' hoofs along the lane? Or was it only impatient March rattling the windows and shaking the doors? When the morning came and a light step should have been heard, all was silent; the room below was fireless and deserted; no happy word and smile greeted the aged father as he entered it. Marianne had gone away in the howling winds of the night! The old man gazed out on the cheerless scene; the white rose was maimed by the winds, and the gray wall, under

the leaden sky, was bleak and cold and desolate, and the miller's heart was bleak and cold and desolate. In the days that followed, fleeting rumors came and went; but one morning a note lay on the stone steps of the mill, and it told of marriage, happiness and love. Then, for the first time in many weeks, the great belt was put to its place and the hoppers filled with grain. But the rose-bud, that the miller, in his joy, had plucked, was withered and brown before the widow's grist was finished, for it had harbored a cruel insect within its pure white leaves.

The daring robberies of the previous winter were one night renewed with more boldness than before, and for weeks they followed each other in quick succession. By-and-by many mysterious warnings of evil came to the dwellers in the valley: notes written in a delicate feminine hand were found under doors and windows; benches, hearths and tables were frequently chalked with hints of approaching danger; but no one ever discovered a trace of the protecting angel.

Dark clouds hung over the valley and nestled around the mountain tops: but there was a rift overhead through which the moonlight descended and dimmed the solitary ray that shot from a narrow window into the night. For the heart of the old mill was throbbing yet, and the cruel stones kept turning round and round, and the miller stood and watched. The moon shone on the stream that fed the wheel, and a silver cord seemed to link the heart of the mill with the mountain top. The cord was lost at the mouth of a dark cavern, over which a huge boulder hung: on its pinnacle stood Miriamne gazing down where the thread of light vanished. Longingly she stretched out her hands toward it, as if it still might draw her back to the life that was slipping, passing away forever. The low rumble of the mill floated up the mountain on the still night air, and wooed her memory to the past: again she was a little girl tossing roses in the stream or nestling in her father's arms. How like a great shadowy hand the rose bush against the mill side looked in the moonlight! The thunder began its mutterings in the clouds



overhead; the wind shook the black hand threateningly and drowned the murmur of the mill. From the mouth of the cave a man came into the moonlight and ascended to where she stood, holding a crumpled letter in his hand. He cast it in anger from him over the cliff, and Mariamne followed her treachery—no, her noble, self-sacrificing queenly truth—in its plunge into the darkness. The cloud-rift closed; the driving wind and rain tore the rose bush from the mill side; the light in the window went out; the wheel ceased its turnings; the silver cord was loosed.

DROCH.

## VOICE OF THE ALUMNI.

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### THE ALUMNI DEPARTMENT OF THE LIT.

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Quite recently I was favored with a call from a representative of that very honorable and dignified body, the Editors of the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*.

My editorial visitor was not one of the kind that the imagination is wont to picture. This ideal editor sits in his sanctum, while all the conduits of intelligence, communicating with the outside world, pour their contributions down before him, leaving him nothing to do but to select and publish the *best* and consign the rest to limbo. He is a monarch, before whom literary industry and genius bow, and humbly beseech his majesty to accept their humble offerings.

My visitor was not of that kind, not he. In fact, he was the very reverse. He was on the tramp, so to speak, with his literary pockets turned inside out. He was on the "solicit." He wanted "an article for the *LIT.*" Now don't, dear reader, imagine he couldn't write his own articles. He can write, and with ability, too. But he wanted an article for the "Department of the Alumni," and, being still an under-graduate, he was hardly qualified to write for that department.

What time he ought to have been writing he was compelled to dissipate, in going on his thankless round to seek for that which ought to have sought him, viz., matter sufficient to fill the "Alumni Department" of the *LIT.*

And, noting the energy and kindness which this young gentleman, and, in fact, the entire *LIT.* board, has manifested in opening and endeavoring to maintain a department through

which the opinions of the Alumni, in regard to College matters, may have expression, I wish to say a word to my fellow Alumni about a more cordial encouragement of the board in their enterprise.

The fact that the Alumni, as such, have no representation in the Board of Trustees, has been made the theme of remonstrances and resolutions from Alumni associations, and of satirical speeches from under-graduates, time out of mind. A great deal of useless indignation from various sources has run to waste in regard to this matter. The Alumni are not yet so represented, and perhaps never will be. But there is, and has been, a channel open to them, through which their opinions in regard to College affairs, of greater or less importance, could have full and free expression. The College papers are open for this. The editors of the *LIT.* have made this a special department, with two ends in view—

1. To foster any interest which graduates may feel in the College, and to encourage an expression of their views with regard to matters that concern its welfare.

2. To give such an expression of opinion its appropriate force, as coming from a graduate, by placing it in a department reserved, apart from under-graduate contributions, for the Alumni.

Now, fellow Alumni, you often desire to be heard in regard to matters concerning the welfare of old Nassau. You would often catch the ear of the "powers that be" long enough to make a suggestion. Here is your chance. These young editors stand here, politely bowing to you, and asking you to *SPEAK*. If you have anything to say, they offer you an excellent opportunity to say it.

And it would lend them a helping hand if you availed yourself, without the trouble to them of seeking you out, of the facilities of expression which they, with kind regard for your interests, have placed at your disposal. Leave your ledger, your briefs, your theology, long enough to contribute an occasional, short, sharp, pithy, pointed article on some matter that you con-

ceive to be of interest to the College boys, or to your fellow Alumni. There are any number of subjects upon which suggestions, and profitable ones, too, could be made. The older Alumni might employ some time in making suggestions as to the greater efficiency of the Halls. The metamorphosis of the old buildings might engage attention long enough to recall some of the incidents connected with those historic structures. They might now cry out to the energetic architect to "Spare 'Old North!'"

The athletic sports—base-ball, foot-ball, etc.—might furnish the younger Alumni with subjects on which to offer good practical suggestions to their younger College brethren. There might be room for an occasional article on the best means of liquidating the boating debt!

Seriously, there are many subjects on which the Alumni would gladly be heard. Then let one of your fellows urge you to embrace the opportunity offered by the editors of the *LIT.* It ought to be the aim of graduates to maintain, as far as possible, the associations with Alma Mater. In no way can this be done more effectually than by sustaining the College periodicals; not only by subscribing for them, but by contributing an occasional article to them.

ALUMNUS.

## VOICE OF THE STUDENTS.

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### GETTING SERIOUS.

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In a few days the interesting business of Chapel Stage will commence. Soon with solemn pomp and stately mien the Seniors in long procession will ascend the rostrum, and with dignity enthroned upon their brows, will there face for two long hours the gaze of admiring friends, envious Freshmen and sarcastic Juniors. Once more will our age be summoned to its duty, our statesmen be shown the path of glory, our youths be instructed in the secret of success. History, philosophy and literature will each furnish its quota, and many a long-buried hero will be drafted into the service of hard-pressed collegians. Against this institution itself we have not a word to say. Literary exercises are not so abundant that any can be spared from our curriculum. It is only with some of the appendages of Chapel Stage that this article would deal. Certain customs have grown up in connection with this feature of Senior year that seem almost as fixed as the institution itself, and indeed bid fair to become more prominent than the literary exercises. Of late years it has frequently happened that some division has striven to surpass the rest, not in eloquent orations, but in gaudy programmes and expensive music, and this has become so customary that the success of a division very largely rests upon the skill of its musicians and the ingenuity of its printers. Now any reason for this, beyond a mere shoddy tendency to display, cannot be found. True it has the authority of a college custom, but even the example of former classes cannot justify a thing so utterly senseless. Then again it may be said that this is the only public

exercise of the whole class during the course, and with it the friends of the speakers and the other visitors present will be favorably impressed; therefore a little extravagance on this occasion is commendable. Now in the first place, would not the supporters of this argument be more consistent, if instead of voting the whole thing a bore, they should follow the suggestion of Professor Murray, and look upon it as an opportunity for bringing credit upon themselves and their college by improving the quality of the writing and speaking? We all remember the comments of a high authority upon the performance of one division of last year, that especially distinguished itself in the matter of programmes. And assuredly, eloquence is more creditable to an institution of learning than imported music. Then again, how many strangers are there actually present? About as many as are in attendance every Sunday morning, and as for students, the last speakers do well if they have a handful of sympathizing friends to listen to their eloquence. So it really seems that so much display is unappreciated, and therefore useless. Then consider to how much better advantage this money might be spent. The cost of programmes and music for eight Chapel Stages amounts to a large sum, and this is to come entirely from the class that has the heaviest expenses, and is most responsible for the success of all college enterprises. Senior year brings many calls upon the purse for books, apparatus, special courses and the like. But aside from private wants, there are many ways in which Seniors can assist the reputation of their Alma Mater more effectually than by distributing handsomely engraved programmes to a few lower classmen. The college papers, the foot-ball and base-ball, the Athletic Association, and in fact, all the college organizations want all the support we can afford them. Above all, the money spent on Chapel Stage would be sufficient to sustain our share of a lecture course, of which we at present are sadly in need. With this question of a lecture course pressing for a decision, and with Commencement looming up in the near future, surely we can do

better than throw away money on superfluous engravings and unheeded music. But say some, "this is trifling; have a showy Chapel Stage, and do the rest too." Remember that though it may seem a trifle to you, yet for many of the class this is impossible. To them the money for Chapel Stage music means no lectures this winter, no base-ball tickets in the spring, and perhaps even a smaller subscription to class-day expenses. We are a strong class, able to frown down temporary public opinion. And though it has been said "Man yields to custom as he bows to fate," let us break the yoke of this tyrant, and in this as so often before, make good our claim to independence and true class originality.

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### AN ENDOWED COURSE OF POPULAR LECTURES.

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The importance of popular lectures as a supplement to a college course has never been over-estimated. Reaction must follow action, relaxation must follow study. No relaxation better accomplishes its main end or brings with it greater additional advantages than listening to a popular lecture. It calls off the mind from present duties and vexations as effectually as reading fiction or playing ball. It is superior to them in that it stimulates as well as relaxes. Fiction stimulates too, but the stimulus it gives often unfits for study. The stimulus of a lecture fits for study. Nothing, then, is a greater rest or a greater and more profitable pleasure for the real student than to surrender himself for an hour to the orator. He ceases to labor for himself, that he may see others labor for him. His mind ceases working that it may be worked upon. He draws aside from his up-hill tramp to take a glimpse at what he may expect to see fully at the top. He returns rested, encouraged and enlightened.

Popular lectures have another use. Complaint is made

against American colleges because of the narrowness of their culture. The charge is proclaimed that they are a lot of intellectual foundries, each possessing a set of moulds of one form. The average American college is so small that one or two commanding minds of a peculiar type, make the whole institution, faculty, instruction, alumni, a pattern of themselves. And there can be no doubt that, until quite recently, (perhaps there is no need of limitation) philosophy ruled Princeton; that Yale's instruction is of an ultra-practical character; that Harvard's leans to the other extreme. If this is so in the larger colleges, how much more in the smaller. Popular lectures can remedy this somewhat. Wendell Phillips and Beecher, Gough, Godwin and Cook bring with them new ideas; they arouse admiration for systems different from those which we have been led to think the only beautiful, the absolutely perfect. They force our attention from old idols which otherwise we might worship all our days; they compel us to choose between the new and the old gods.

No one can deny that at least a part of these advantages accrue from a course of popular lectures, and that, even if but a few of them result, such a course should be connected with every college. The problem to be solved is, how shall this end be accomplished? How shall a course of lectures be provided which shall virtually be open to the whole college? In the consideration of this question we must descend from a general and theoretical discussion to a particular and practical case.

At the outset all will see that either the students must provide the course of lectures for themselves or others must do it for them. The students have made the attempt and have failed. The result of their attempt was the Lecture Association. This, while it existed, but half supplied the need it was created to meet. It furnished from six to eight lectures, concerts and readings every year. The cost of season tickets was two dollars and a half, of tickets for a single entertainment, fifty cents. The attendance of students often did not exceed one-fourth



those registered in the catalogue; almost never did it exceed one-half; the average was certainly not above one-third. Students were too far-sighted to pay fifty cents for an hour's mental relaxation. They were not far-sighted enough to pay fifty cents for an hour's peep at what thinkers were doing outside their little college world, for an hour's draught of the purest mental stimulus. The Association therefore worried through a precarious existence of a few years, barely earning enough to buy the necessaries of life. In 1877 it died a natural death. The result of the attempt of the students to provide a course of popular lectures has been, first, that they have not more than one-third supplied the need; and, secondly, that at last they failed to meet the need at all. At first they succeeded but partially, and in the end they failed entirely.

If then the students cannot meet the demand for a course of popular lectures, if it is done at all, others must do it for them. One way in which it could be done has suggested itself. It is to have a lectureship endowed. The cost of such an endowment would not be great. The average charge of lecturers is one hundred dollars a night. Ten lectures a year would bring one for every three weeks of the working part of the college year. An endowment sufficient to pay for the ten lectures and other necessary expenses, such as hiring a hall, would not exceed in annual value twelve hundred dollars. This is scarcely more than one-third the value of an ordinary professorship. If none of the wealthy friends of Princeton, who have shown themselves as generous as wealthy, see fit to endow such a lectureship, is it altogether beyond the power of the college, or of the college and seminary combined, to support it? Five hundred dollars a year from each, would furnish the students of both with eight or nine free lectures by the best orators in the land. As a last resort, the authorities could procure lecturers as they saw fit and charge half the usual admittance price. This would defray two-thirds of the expenses at least. The remainder would certainly not be a crushing burden to the authorities themselves.

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Any one of these or any similar plan, if carried out, would be a great advance on the old Lecture Association. It would give an immediately perceptible impulse to college life, study and culture. Many still remember the almost feverish interest aroused two years ago by the series of free lectures by Dr. Lord on comparatively uninteresting subjects. Each succeeding topic was studied in the library and discussed at the table. Each night saw a larger audience than the preceding. With more interesting topics, with greater orators, with an increased variety of both, it is but fair to infer that increased interest and profit will result.

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## EDITORIAL.

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The most momentous question raised during Junior and Senior years is that of the Electives. In some respects the subject cannot bear further discussion, simply because the arguments advanced on the part of students have been utterly neglected by the Faculty. The "brilliant flashes of silence" which the Faculty have been pleased to show towards the subject do not argue a wide-awake apprehension, on their part, of our needs. We do not wish again to argue a question which has but one side to it, but would consider, rather, what the features of a revised system would be. First of all, as an offset to the fact that our electives are most of them crowded into our Senior year, we suggest the feasibility of extending the privileges of this system into Sophomore year. The system itself is unobjectionable; experience in other colleges, whose standard has actually been raised by its introduction, as shown in reports upon the subject, argues in its favor. One objection only can be made, which is, that Sophomores as a class are still unable to choose for themselves; but the Faculty, in making such an objection, utterly disregard the fact that they have the prerogative to advance or lower the required standards of study during Freshman year as they please. A higher course of study than Latin, Greek, Mathematics and English can be pursued; or, if not, a great deal more may be required of the students in those branches. The college, it is argued, is not prepared for this—an argument used as a damper. Be it remembered, however, that no man was born before his time; no advance was ever made in civilization for which the world was yet unripe. This is a maxim. No less true is it, as experience has for many years shown, that an advance in our government

can never be inopportune. By way of remark, too, we may add, that *the most successful* reforms ever made in college have been made at the earnest solicitations and appeals of the students. If, then, it is conceded that such a reform may be introduced without an earthquake or serious loss of life, what studies could be elected? Take, first of all, Greek, then Latin, then Modern Languages. An elective class in English Literature could be started—one also in some of the Sciences. Meanwhile, the places of the above electives in the regular curriculum, from which they are taken, might be supplied by some other studies. Pray, what History do we learn? What chance is there for hearing lectures upon Art? To supply the deficiency is easy enough—only too easy; the thing we most want is, that the system be thus changed, and methods of filling the time will quickly suggest themselves. So much in regard to Soph. electives. If from these we turn to those of Junior and Senior years, equal improvements can be made. The limited, nay, the scanty, provisions for instruction in Rhetoric and English Literature, are crying shames. Instead of two Professors in Greek, which language, from wearing the glory of an ancient tongue, has become an effete one, it were far better to have two Professors to attend to the literature of our own language, and give thus a proper time to the study. Four hours a week to Physics and one to English, during the week form a serious contrast in the classical department. We do not educate specialists, but this is no argument against giving a *reasonable* time to the most important of our studies. In order also to broaden our system, a semi-scientific course, such as that at Harvard, might be allowed. It would tend to advance our college more toward a university—for form's sake, therefore, it would be opposed; yet it cannot be doubted that every step in that direction is one for the better. The ultimate goal of every college of pretension now is *the university*; this is the culmination to which they all in some degree tend. The change is slow—the advances are gradual; for this reason we look upon such changes as we have suggested as manifestations of an advance.

They have been tested in other colleges; nought but good has resulted from them. They are practicable in particulars of expense and convenience, and, above all, the advantages resultant upon such a line of policy are both for the honor of the college and the interest of the students. If a proposed change need higher recommendations than these to receive a proper hearing before college authorities, it certainly cannot be that they have the welfare of the institution at heart.

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We need not comment at length upon a subject so thoroughly discussed by our contemporary, *The Princetonian*, as that generally of college improvements. We have returned this year to find the usual amount of conveniences added to the college—we note with interest the building of Murray Hall. Most of all, we congratulate ourselves upon the acquisition (as we trust it will be confirmed) of the Potter property. We regret only that it had not been purchased in time to build Prof. Young's new house and observatory upon it, yet this is a small matter. We have more than doubled our property by this purchase, and at a sum which cannot but be considered reasonable. We believe that with this addition no campus can compete with ours in extent, none certainly can rival it in beauty and convenience. Adorned as it is with buildings of pleasant proportions, as a general thing, with good walks, good rooms and appurtenances for heat, light and ventilation of the best kind, there is no room for complaint. Perhaps the advances made in these regards, of late years, are really remarkable; yet with all the changes, the ministrations to our comfort, there is perhaps no greater lack than that of a commodious hall or lecture-room. It is a matter for private speculation to be sure, but might equally be made a matter of private generosity to the college by some patron. There certainly could be no harm in having such a place within the college fence, but

within or without the need is pressing. The unhappy death of the College Lecture Association is one of the most lamentable things that has happened within the last few years. We have the old Second Church still at our command for entertainments of this character, and it should be used. What has become of the spirit of our men, if we cannot support such an organization? Entertainments of any sort are rare enough, but among a civilized community, and with so many young men who claim to be striving for an education, the Lecture Association should not be obliged to go begging. Even if we have not a hall of our own, let us come together once more and plan the re-organization of the Association. It deserves to live and prosper; it ought to live at a large sacrifice. We have lived one year without it; a due appreciation of its merits must be known to all. We move then, as a body, the re opening of another lecture season under the society's auspices; those who were before interested should act speedily, and promise the college an enticing programme for our winter evenings; it cannot but receive a warm welcome by all, and a hearty response from every earnest collegian.

Since writing the above, an article has come to us upon this subject, which deserves the earnest consideration of all our readers.

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OLLA-PODRIDA.

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CHESTNUT, '78, is a married man.

MOORE, '78, teaching school in Morristown, N. J.

"JAI" CAMPBELL, '77, visited Princeton lately.

PROF. CHARLES McMILLAN is to be married on the 29th inst.

W. H. WILLS, formerly of '79, intends re-entering his class.

ROBERTS, '77—"Old Thirty-six, North"—sends greeting to the Freshmen from his new quarters, 42 Old Seminary.

THE Juniors carried off the Class Base Ball Championship, winning all of the six games played. The Nine were as follows: Schenck, h.; Horton, p.; Meigs, a.; Hamill, b.; Cutts, c.; Warren, s.; Van Dyke, l.; Tewksbury, m.; Beasley, r.

SEMINOLE, entertaining Princeton maiden with a *thrilling* rendition of "Tell me, shepherds, tell me," retires gracefully when she interrupts with: "Bravo! I did not know that you were an *improvisateur*."

THE Inter-Collegiate Library Association is short of funds. At a meeting held Sept. 27th, the Regents decided to present certificates to the successful competitors, instead of cash (?) prizes, as hitherto.

WHAT Freshman *was* that, who described his loved one as, "By dom, sir, a prima-donna in imbroglia?"

THE Senior Elective Classes are distributed as follows: Astronomy, 7; Chemistry, (Prof. Cornwall,) 24; Chemistry, (Prof. Schanck,) 43; French, 37; German, 34; Greek, (Prof. Cameron,) 9; Greek, (Prof. Orris,) 26; History, 63; History of Philosophy, 45; Mathematics, 6; Museum Work, 50; Physics, 22; Political Science, 93; Science of Language, 32. Juniors: Greek, (Prof. Cameron,) 10; Greek, (Prof. Orris,) 17; Latin, 62; Mathematics, 16; Modern Languages, 56.

THE sale of the Potter property to the Trustees of the College, for \$30,200, has been sanctioned by the Chancellor of the State. And now our mathematician has estimated that, allowing for three entire changes in the plans, after their completion, only \$47,360 will be needed for cutting down the old elms, planting six-foot saplings, and making new paths throughout the property. This moderate calculation does not take into account a Mansard roof upon the old homestead; but then—

THE University Foot-Ball Team is as follows, subject to change: Forwards—McAlpine, '81; Loney, '81; McLaren, '80; Ballard, '80, (Captain;) Mc-

Dermont, '81; Lee, '80; Bradford, '81. Half-Backs—Waller, '79; Minor, '79; McNair, '79; Withington, '80. Backs—Cutts, '80; Devereux, '80. One "Back," one "Forward," and three substitutes are yet to be chosen. The team is working hard every day, and improving fast. It will soon be complete in number, and ready for the Fall campaign. A game with the University of Pennsylvania is announced for October 19th. Amherst will probably play us early in November, and also Stevens' Institute. The two former games will be played here—the last, certainly not farther away than Hoboken, which is easy of access by rail. All three will be played on Saturdays. There is, therefore, no excuse for any man to neglect seeing these games, and we hope that they will all be played before large audiences. Apart from the *very* material consideration of the gate-money, the team will be urged to greater exertion, and will gain more steadiness of nerve, if cheered by the presence of a large company. Remember last year, when one man's nerve gave us a victory over Harvard, and another man's lack of nerve gave us what was equal to a defeat at the hands of Yale.

THE under-classmen are doing well. Saturday, a Fresh. fire; Tuesday, a Cane spree; then more Fresh. fire—around the cannon, this time; and one Freshman who got up (or staid up) early, to get ahead of the Proctor, finds he did not get far enough ahead to escape; Thursday, a cane-rush around the Chapel doors; later, more rush; and then—only two Freshmen "shipped." Really, little ones, you are making Princeton life quite bearable, and at slight expense to yourselves.

FOOT-BALL CONVENTION.—The delegates met at the Massasoit House, Springfield, on Wednesday, October 9th. Harvard was represented by Captain Cushing and Mr. Thayer; Yale, by Captain Camp and Mr. Rochfort; and Princeton by Captain Ballard and Mr. Minor. A telegram was received from Mr. Conover, of Columbia, to the effect that no delegates were to be sent from that college, and that it was doubtful if Columbia would organize a team this year. Amherst, through her representative, Mr. Terry, requested admission to the "Association." As, however, no such association exists, and the meeting was merely for the purpose of arranging for games between the teams of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, the application could not be received. The first business before the convention was to determine the number of players who should constitute a team. As a preliminary, the Chairman, Mr. Thayer, asked the Yale delegates whether they were fully empowered to act on this question. Their reply was, that they had full power only to the extent of challenging Harvard to a game to be played in Boston, on Thanksgiving Day, with eleven men on a side. This challenge Mr. Thayer, in behalf of Harvard, at once and peremptorily declined to accept: this refusal to be extended to apply to any and all other challenges to play with less than fifteen men. In the discussion which followed, Yale was alone in upholding the merits of the game with eleven men; maintaining



that the smaller team gave better scope for *fine individual playing*. To which Harvard and Princeton replied that, as they understood it, the game ought to be played with a *team*, implying combined action; *not* with a number of independent players, working to the same end without mutual assistance; and the very argument which Yale had used in favor of the smaller team was the strongest possible against it. Captain Camp and Mr. Rochfort then decided to lay this whole matter, so far as Yale was concerned, before a meeting to be held at Yale the next day for the purpose. They were given to understand that neither Harvard nor Princeton would yield in this regard.

The meeting then proceeded to the arrangement of games, and afterwards to some important revisions of the Rugby rules. Our game with Harvard was appointed for the 16th of November, at Boston, and with Yale for Thanksgiving Day, November 28th, at Hoboken. With regard to future games with Harvard, it was agreed that alternate games were to be played at Hoboken and Boston. On each occasion the visiting team is to receive \$200 from the gate money.

The "Association Rules" of the Rugby Game were amended as follows: Rule 12, by adding the words in italics—"A player may take up the ball whenever it is rolling or bounding, except in a scrimmage, *when neither the holder of the ball, nor the opponent immediately in front of him, may take it up.*"

This amendment has the effect of defining a "scrimmage," and of relieving the judges and referee from the difficulty, hitherto considerable, of determining where it begins and ends. As the rule now stands, any player, except the two above mentioned, may take up the ball as soon as it has been kicked by the holder. Rule 31 was amended so that, hereafter, a ball must be bounded in from touch *at right angles to the touch line*. An important amendment was made to rule 55: "No hacking, or throttling, or tripping shall be allowed under any circumstances; *and no player shall tackle another below the waist.*" The amendment is in italics. Its working is obviously to prevent the Columbia trick of kneeling down before a running opponent and tackling him by the knees.

THESE are the "Chimes of Normandy:"

This is the Hess English Opera Troupe,  
That "presents" the Chimes of Normandy.

This is the gay and jovial group  
That sat in the box while the Opera Troupe  
Presented the Chimes of Normandy.

Very nice! *but—*

This is the Proctor, with one fell swoop,  
Who spotted the men that formed the group,  
That applauded the Hess English Opera Troupe  
Presenting the Chimes of Normandy.

"THE BODY-SNATCHER."

AS SUNG BY CAPTAIN COSTIGAN IN "THE BACK KITCHEN"—VIDE PENDENNIS.

[Air—"My Lover is a Sailor Boy."]

I.

Oh! Oi'm a jolly Body-Snatch-i-er!  
 And me name Oi think is J-hones;  
 Shure, Oi makes an honest pinny, now and then,  
 By other payple's bones.

*Chorus*—Yes, 'tis ould ones now, and 'tis young ones now;  
 'Tis me head Oi'm niver scratchin!  
 For J-hones can schkipp about the counthree now,  
 Whan there's any body-snatchin'!—(*Funeral clog*)

II.

They give me orthers from the counthree round,  
 And fresh corpses is demanded;  
 Soh, as soon as ever they gets dump-i-ed,  
 Then Oi digs them single-handed.

*Cho.*—Yes, 'tis ould ones now, and 'tis young ones now, etc.—(*Walk around.*)

III.

Then some of you's moight know a friend  
 That's about to be dispatch-èd;  
 Just ye give me now a proper warni-ing,  
 And Oi'll see he's noicely snatch-èd.

*Cho.*—For 'tis ould ones now, and 'tis young ones now, etc.—(*Something sad.*)

IV.

Shure Oi'm careful now, shure; Oi'm very kind  
 With me paytients; that's me naytur.  
 First Oi spind me all upon the Spirits, sirs,  
 And the rest upon the craytur.

*Cho.*—For 'tis ould ones now, and 'tis young ones now, etc.—(*Furious fandango.*)

V.

'Tis a jolly life! Yes, Oi'm well-to-do;  
 Oi only want a single thing—  
 Och! me friends, just help me git the honor, then,  
 Of Patent Body-Snatcher to the King.

*Cho.*—And 'tis ould ones now, and 'tis young ones now, etc.—(*Grand schkipp-away.*)

WE clip the following from the *N. Y. World*: "Newell Neptune, Governor of the Passamaquoddy Indians, died at their reservation, near Princeton, recently, aged seventy-eight. The Catholic burial service was read at his funeral, and everything pertaining to his office was buried with him, his flag and the cloak he wore on state occasions being placed in his coffin. Early on the morning after his death, the staff from which the flag bearing his name had waved since he took the oath of office was cut down, chopped up, and burned over his grave."

ON Saturday, Oct. 5th, the Lafayette '81 class Nine defeated our Sophomore Nine, on the University grounds, by a score of 5 to 1. Base hits, Lafayette, 4; Princeton, 5. Errors, Lafayette, 8; Princeton, 15.

THERE are rumors around College that Allan's Anti-Fat has been adopted by certain members of the Faculty, but as yet without effect.

CONSCIENTIOUS Greek professor, remonstrating with Sophomore for creating disturbance in the class-room, lays his hand insinuatingly upon the refractory one's shoulder, and says: "My dear young man, the devil has hold upon you!"

WE cannot sufficiently deprecate the ingratitude of that '79 man who received a final grade of 98 in a Junior elective, and yet refuses to elect the same branch for Senior year.

THE new Observatory is now in telegraphic communication with Washington Observatory at all hours of day or night. A new clock is to be placed in the tower of the Scientific School, which, as well as the one now in North, is to be regulated electrically by the mean-time clock in our Observatory.

THE annual Cane Spree between the Sophomores and Freshmen took place on Tuesday evening, Oct. 8th, on the campus, between Reunion and the Gymnasium. There was the usual amount of ground and lofty tumbling, of "hip-throwing," and of luxurious reclining in the wet grass. We thought there was rather more than usual of haggling and dispute among the backers, and certainly plenty of cheering, and jeering, and pulling, and tugging, on the part of the enthusiastic on-lookers. So, of course, every one enjoyed himself immensely. So far as reported, there were fifty-six fights, of which the Sophomores won thirty-one; the Freshmen, eighteen; and seven were drawn.

WE desire to give notice that, on the 21st of October, a mass meeting will be held in the Philadelphian Rooms, in order to take the sense of the College on the question of placing the power to elect their successors in the hands of the *LIT.* and *Princetonian* editors, the election to be made on the basis of the comparative literary merits of the candidates, as shown by their contributions to the College periodicals.

## COLLEGE GOSSIP.

ON one of the warmest days of last June, we remember taking up the *Dartmouth*, and reading an editorial on the then lately introduced "Rugby." Though not accurately informed as to the precise date of the approach of the summer solstice in that region, we ventured the surmise that the Dartmouth boys were either after the matutinal worm, or else were densely ignorant of the climatic requisites of that game. We hoped that their interest was not short-lived and exotic, and expected to hear more on that topic this Fall. But this seems to be the season devoted to base-ball, in that eccentric locality, and so we, perforce, turn elsewhere. Yale and Harvard, however, seem to have the same ideas on the subject as we; and the readiness with which they go to practicing speaks well for those who have in hand their athletic interests. The Yale papers, though unable to refrain from dropping the metaphorical tear over last summer's misfortunes, are by no means devoted to explaining the metaphysical reasons of their defeat. If the *Courant* is a true exponent of the college feeling, Yale's rivals will have to look well to their laurels. The editorial department may be divided into nine parts; three of which base-ball claims as her own; boating, four; and foot-ball, one. The remaining ninth appears to be moral "molasses candy," for the benefit of '82. We believe that all the bi-weeklies should devote themselves to athletics and general college news. The *Record* says that "daily practice in foot-ball has now begun at the lot on Dixwell ave.," and earnestly advises all to participate. We felt somewhat disgusted at reading an editorial growl on the "decline of interest in Athletics," and turned to the *Advocate* and *Crimson*, where we detect more evidences of action than talk. "Candidates for the Foot-ball Eleven are requested to appear on Holmes' Field every day." A game with tufts will probably come off before we go to press, and inducements are held out to Freshmen to subscribe, in order to pay expenses of the team to Canada. Harvard expects to play in Montreal on October 26th. Nothing appears to hinder the formation of a University Nine, candidates for which are going to work immediately. In short, Harvard's interest in College sports is healthy and spirited. To cap the climax to our envy, we read that, "with the commencement of the present College year, the privilege of voluntary recitations is extended to the Junior Class." Despite the poor variety of hymn-singing, connected with the privileges of their sanctuary, and the fact that fate would not be "inconsistent" enough to give them all the

victories of the season, Harvard appears to be quite happy and comfortable, thank you.

WILLIAMS seems to have just heard of foot-ball, and wants to know why it can't have a "twenty." We presume that they will begin with the old game, and work up to the "Rugby." The Faculty, Trustees, and *Athenæum* have declared against "rushing;" the last, feeling surprised that "merely deference to the wishes of the two former were not enough to prompt the avoidance of the disorder." We hope the Williams under-graduate will show some deference to the *Athenæum*, and refrain; else that organ, though it does not wish to, will proceed to call them "uncivilized, barbarous, heathenish, brutal, depraved, etc., \* \* to the last degree." And the *Athenæum* is not at all nice to have around, when it gropes for the English adjective. This is the institution where, annually, the timid Fresh. and bellicose Soph. meet at the house of the President, "the object of such gathering" being "to promote kindly feeling between the two classes." To use the felicitous language of the *Athenæum*: "When the hard-hearted Soph. thinks of rushing any one now, he must remember the good things he partook of the other evening." This is the "old (and we would add, *keen*) plan of getting at the mind through the stomach." How nice! Perchance the recollection of the soothing ginger-snap, or, it may be, of the colic-causing watermelon, partaken of in conjunction with the trustful Fresh., will put to flight all hostile and belligerent designs. Then—heavenly spectacle! the lion and the lamb will lie down together; the Freshman and Sophomore will coo and lally-gag.

TRINITY has not yet fully recovered from the effects of her last Commencement. Baccalaureate sermons, and "sich," still delight her. At last accounts they were moving into their new buildings.

WE are pleased to announce that Racine is champion in base-ball, this season, but exactly over whom, we have not fully decided. There appears to be a "Western University" or two concerned in the matter, not to add a "silver ball," and a score of 17 to 10. We feel sure that it is all right, though.

LAFAYETTE offers the greatest possible inducements to the verdant Fresh. Hark to the *Lafayette College Journal*: "At many of our colleges the indignities practiced upon the unoffending Freshman are severe and cruel in the extreme." At Lafayette, however, "horn sprees," "rushes," "hazing," etc., have all assumed a mild form. Under-classmen, let Lafayette be your model. Give us an occasional "horn spree," if you will, but in a "mild form." Be gentle, chaste, refined and classic in your "rushes." What a "horn spree" or a "rush" in its mildest form is we have yet to learn. But this is not all; flowers, Greek Testament, catechism and such allurements entice the Freshman.

It is pretty well established that the Yale Seniors play marbles and pitch pennies just before graduation. The Vassar Senior has been "accused of

drowning her grief and forgetting her sorrows by means of paper dolls." "This accusation," says the *Miscellany*, "is a false one." We feel somewhat relieved, but what does she do? Interest in boating and base-ball was never very intense, nor has she adopted "Rugby." We have never seen any surprising records of athletic games there. In fact, she is as much of a conundrum to us as was one of those bi-sexual Western colleges.

THE University of California is plunged into anarchy. Saturday which thus far—ye gods! think of it!—has been without recitations, will hereafter be associated with them. Hence the riot and filling the air with petitions. The Faculty has not been "shipped," but things wear a sombre aspect. 'Frisco, which offers all the inducements of a Trenton, will hereafter miss the studious and careworn Berkeleyan. The Regents seem given over to an obdurate heart, and the student of the slope sighs for more "recreation."

OBERLIN has just passed through a terrible conflict, and emerges with victory and gore. To be brief, the Father of Lies lately manifested rare indiscretion in entering that eminently pious village in the guise of a billiard saloon. Oberlin, however, had "intelligently observed" (but where the *Review* does not state) "the character of the proprietors and patrons of such establishments," and accordingly braced for the encounter, "*en masse*." "A committee of seven reliable men was appointed to \* \* \* assure the proprietor that Oberlin had no need of billiards; that his business was obnoxious \* \* \* ; that it could never prosper; that every lawful hindrance would be placed in the way of his success; that he would everywhere find himself opposed by good people, and that this opposition would never be withdrawn." But, foolish wretch, "he was confident," nay, even "defiant, and evidently under-estimated the moral force of the community. \* \* \* How to weaken the enemy now became the question of the hour." A systematic visitation plan followed; bands of "faithful watchers, patient, quiet, determined," and probably pious young men and women of the College, "guarded the place day after day," nay, "week after week," "talking little," (so we presume the singing plan was adopted,) but anyway entering a "protest which deterred all but the most reckless" and abandoned sinners from entering. The Village Council, at this critical juncture, puts in a left-hander, passing an ordinance closing the den of iniquity at 7 P. M., and taxing each table \$50 as license fee. At this stage the wicked, depraved proprietor weakens, and goes home to meditate on what the *Review* says "must have been to him an incomprehensible phase of Christian character,"—and like enough the *Review* is right. Need we trace his sure and rapid fall? He is thrown into jail, but is released to find bail, but the best he can find is leg-bail, which he speedily offers. The victory is won. The *Review* exults. "*Abiit, excessit*," etc. The Adversary is vanquished, and Peace and Piety droop their wings over the Oberlin youth and maiden as they lovingly wander through the mazes of the hexameter and innocently gambol to the cadences of the "Attic

bee." We shudder when we think what Oberlin has escaped. That sink of vice has been explored by an intrepid *Review* editor. We hesitate to tell what he discovered, but truth demands it. Placards, inscribed with most strange and immoral inscriptions, met his astonished eye: "Cigars and pop;" "All games of pool and pigeon-hole must be settled for at the end of each game;" "Pop, ginger ale, tonic beer for sale here," etc. All of which were "Greek" to the "guileless visitors," but still telling them that all was not right. Though cabalistic, unknown and sphinx-like to the average Oberliner it left no doubt in his mind. They were designs of the Enemy to allure, and must be eliminated, or, better, preserved in the Museum as relics from Inferno.

As to the Freshman classes in the different Colleges, we have been unable to obtain correct figures. The following are substantially right: Harvard, 198; Yale, 210—of which 120 passed without conditions; Amherst, 99; Lafayette, 80; and Princeton, 94.

We have judiciously selected the following passages from some of our best exchanges, and hope that they will supply a want long felt:

"Another Academic year is gone."—*The Beacon*.

"Ah, me! can this of life be all?"—*Yale Courant*.

"Vacation has passed. The few weeks are gone."—*Athenæum*.

"Really we do think that *our* girls [this is from a co-education University] are a very beautiful, amiable, pretty, handsome, flaxen-haired, pearly-mouthed, marble-nosed, rosy-cheeked, lovable flock of heavenly angels, one and all."—*Oestrus*.

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## EXCHANGES.

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THE commencement number of the *Hamilton Lit.* comes to us with a new cover, a new board of editors, and, above all, a new standard of excellence, which we hope to see maintained throughout the year.

The opening article, "The American Novelist," is one of the best of its kind that we have seen in any college journal; our only regret is that it is not from the pen of an undergraduate. The writer shows a large acquaintance with the best fiction, and a good degree of critical insight. His estimate of the advantages and disadvantages which fall to the lot of the American novelist seemed to us a just one, and we join with him in the anticipation of a brilliant future for American fiction. "The Ethics of Longfellow's Poetry"

is a subject which admits of but one mode of treatment, viz., the eulogistic. Such a treatment it receives in a pleasantly written article. "Wolf at Quebec" seems also to be the work of a graduate; it is a spirited description, and in the mouth of a good speaker would prove an excellent oration. "Hell in Literature" evidences a good deal of study upon a rather uninteresting subject. In the contrast drawn between the Hell of Dante's *Inferno* and that of the *Paradise Lost* the writer has been materially aided by Macaulay's essay on Milton. The editorial on "Freshmen *vs.* Sophomores," gives the true state of the case in this as well as in other colleges, when it says: "The opinion is prevalent that the Sophomore is a reckless, careless fellow whose only delight is to torture and torment innocent Freshmen. The positive fact is, that a Freshman who looks carefully to his own affairs and meddles with no one's, will be wholly unmolested. Not a single instance can be found where a civil, mannerly, quiet Freshman was ever hazed to any extent. It is only when a Freshman's innocence turns to insolence, when he endeavors to take a place for which he is not fitted, that 'forbearance ceases to be a virtue,' and the Sophomore is reminded of the Biblical warning 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' Could those who think it 'mean' to haze the Fresh. see the matter in its right light, they would agree with all who have known anything of college life, that hazing, within proper limits, is profitable to the Freshman. We could give scores of instances where a midnight song and dance upon the table have been the means of converting a vain, boasting, unmannerly Freshman into a quiet and unobtrusive student. We do not wish to be understood as upholding hazing in its extreme forms, none of which are practiced in our college. We repeat that it is only those Freshmen who need it that are hazed."

THE *Niagara Index* utters what it calls "a respectable demurrer" to the views of Professor Mears, of Hamilton, on "College Rowdyism." It seems that these views were expressed in an article published in the *Independent* during the summer vacation. The *Index* is especially indignant "that Prof. Mears should refrain, during the term of scholastic labor, from giving publicity to his views regarding the subject under consideration. He sent them forth when, it may be presumed, he imagined that no collegians would be at hand to notice them." Deluded mortal! The watchful eye of the *Index* was upon him, and a terrible retribution is meted out to him as follows: "Probably he got his pay for so succinctly stating the case of the college rowdies. Probably the revenue resulting from his effort was sufficient to ensure a 'good time' at Coney Island or Newport." Literary tradition tells us that Keats died under John Wilson's withering criticism upon "Endymion;" does the *Index* intend to bring the blood of Prof. Mears upon its head? But let us be careful. The *Index* gives us fair warning. "We shall endeavor," says the exchange editor, "to keep on friendly terms with all our exchanges, but in our hearts we feel that sometime or other we shall be obliged severely to rebuke some ambitious fledgling. If so be, so be it." Heaven forbid!



A writer in the *Berkleyan* interprets Tennyson's "Lady of Shalot" in a way which throws some light on the meaning of a poem which we have often admired for the beauty and vividness of its pictures, but which we have always thought somewhat obscure. He finds in the Lady of Shalot an image of "the lonely soul of one of those whom the world calls dreamers," one of those whose "days are spent in spiritual solitude," of whose life "the passing world sees nought but the surroundings, the externals." The writer supports his view of the poem by apt quotations, which are, however, awkwardly introduced. We think that in the following passage he has stated the true doctrine of poetic interpretation :

"Let us not, for an instant, think of this poem as an allegory, in which the objects named stand like algebraic symbols for something else. Nay, its incorporeal spirit is wronged by even an attempt at interpretation; for, like all true poetry, its province is suggestion, which depends on the mind of the receiver, as a picture of a dark stream, wild wood, and ragged sky, without a glimpse of humanity in it, may pall our hearts with sad despair; overcasting one with friendship dead, another with the dread consciousness of crime. Poetry, as a succession of pictures and interwoven emotions that bears us along with its flow, is more like music. And, in sympathy with fresh strains, we may feel a thrill of idyllic gaiety with never a needy note; or we may know the agonies of shipwreck, or of battle, without the sound of splitting masts or booming cannon, except when it occurs as the most natural expression of the accompanying feeling. There would be no literal translation that one man could give for a picture or a piece of music. No one would say, 'This tree stands for frantic despair, and that stream for gloom,' nor that such a passage of music is the crash of the mast by the board. Still, the accompanying sounds so often coincide with the most natural expression of a feeling, that such imitations may be found in true music. These truths apply as well to poetry."

Besides the "Lady of Shalot," the *Berkeleyan* contains a very stupid and superficial discussion of the question, "Is Evil Punished?" and a very creditable, short poem entitled "Thetis."

THE Summer vacation seems to have been an auspicious season for undergraduate poets: the quality and quantity of the poetry in our exchanges for September are much above the average. The *University Quarterly* has a readable effusion on "A Faded Flower;" the *Record* contains three well-turned stanzas on "Unrest;" and the *Crimson* has five short poems, any one of which would bear quotation. We select some lines supposed to be inscribed on the title-page of a Shakspeare :

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"If thou dost read this book with but thine eye,  
Seeing alone the printed pages turn  
In dry succession, little shalt thou learn,  
Save that it hath no lesson there for thee;  
The thing unmeaning to thy mind will be;  
If with thy heart and brain, then thou'lt discern  
The flaming truths which in these pages burn,  
Shedding a light on human history;  
Read with thy heart and brain, then, read and know  
The knowledge that one man had of mankind,  
And thou'lt possess a precious gift indeed;  
If thou canst not,—then do not try to read,  
But fling the book unto the boisterous wind,—  
'Twill turn each page as well, when the light breezes blow."